

T H E
Wars of the Elements:
O R, A
DESCRIPTION
O F A
SEA STORM.

To which are added,
The Contemplative Angler,
A N D
The Republican Proceſſion, &c.

All Originally Written, and now Reviv'd by
E D W A R D W A R D.

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SEA STORM

The Controversy

The Republican Revolution

All Original Manuscripts and Rare

EDWARD WARD

LONDON

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London and New York

T H E
WARS of the ELEMENTS:

OR, A
Description of a Sea-Storm.

WHEN, by the Help of canvass Wings,
I'd flown
In Search of distant Worlds, to me un-
known,

And left my native Country and my Friends,
To Brave the raging Seas and boist'rous Winds;
As o'er the Waves our Bark in triumph rode,
And, with her sturdy Keel, the Ocean plow'd,
One Ev'ning, when a stiff and pow'ful Gale,
Bow'd the tall Masts and fill'd each spreading Sail,
I gaz'd around me from the reeling Stern,
Th' amusing Wonders of the Deep to learn;
Feasting my Eyes with what arose between
The azure Skies and Neptune's watry Green,

Where finny Monsters did the Surface grace,
 And Birds of various Kinds adorn'd the Space;
 Such, whose strong Pinions did the Land disdain,
 Yet scorn'd to rest upon the liquid Main;
 But sporting, daily, 'twixt the Clouds and Seas,
 Seem'd lofty Strangers both to Food and Ease;
 Camelion like, the Air must be their Meat,
 For none could ever see 'em rest or eat:
 These are the long-tail'd milky-birds that fly
 Beneath the Tropick-bounds, immensely high,
 From thence do we derive the Name they bear,
 Their Species no where to be found but there,
 And may be deem'd, by e'ery curious Mind,
 The greatest Wonder of the feather'd Kind.
 Their shining Plumes are white, beyond compare,
 To humane Eyes, their Bodies fat and fair,
 As large as Pheasants, but as light as Air.

I thus survey'd and ponder'd with delight,
 The Works of Heav'n, amazing to my sight;
 The restless Seas presenting to my View,
 Each Moment, some dire Object that was new,
 Which breaking thro' the Surface of the Main,
 Glar'd at the Bark and then plung'd down again;
 Whilst I, to such tremendous Forms unus'd,
 'Twixt Dread and Satisfaction stood amus'd,

Bend-

Bending, with humble Reverence, each Thought,
On that great Pow'r who had these Wonders
wrought;

'Till *Thetis*' Arms embrac'd the drowning Son,
And snatch'd him from the blushing Horizon,
Which, for a Time, retain'd, in golden Streams,
A fading Tincture of his fiery Beams;
'Till the black Goddess of infernal Night,
Who, on her sable Wings pursues the Light,
Came flying, 'midst a fullen Cloud, in hast,
Which, to the East, expanded from the West;
Then, stretching her nocturnal Pinions forth,
Shadow'd the rolling Seas, from South to North;
That, in a Trice, the mighty Space grew dark,
Nor could our Eyes behold one starry Spark,
But all above, was so depriv'd of Light,
That to look upwards was to doubt of Sight;
For when to darkness, so intense, confin'd,
Our Eyes, tho' healthful, in effect are blind;
Night, in full Pow'r, does ev'ry Object screen,
The World to us seems nothing, when unseen.

No sooner had the Night, to our surprise,
Thus, in her deepest Mourning, cloath'd the Skies,
That not one glim'ring Meteor could appear,
Or Star, within the dismal Hemisphere,

But

But blust'ring *Boreas*, rowzing in the North,
 In anger sent his restless Demons forth,
 Who, rushing fiercely from the distant Shore,
 Chang'd their shril Whist'lings to a frightful Roar,
 And, rending Clouds asunder, soon began
 T' enrage the Billows of the foaming Main,
 Whose snowy Heads, like Mountain Tops, look'd
 White,
 And struck, at e'ery Clash, a sparkling Light,
 Such as oft flies from the swift Courser's Feet,
 As rudely gallop'd thro' the stony Street,
 When Flint and Steel with sudden Violence meet.

Contending Waves, now, hiss'd amid't their Jarrs,
 As if ten Thousand Snakes had been at Wars,
 And, at each gust that *Æolus* let fly,
 Mounted their frothy Heads, full Top-mast high:
 The Seas, thus swelling with tumultuous Rage,
 Did on all Sides our tumbling Bark engage,
 And made her, at each bold tremendous Stroak,
 Twist her stiff Planks, and tremble at the Shock;
 The frighted Sailors, at the Storm a-ghast,
 Lowr'd the furl'd Canvass of each lofty Mast,
 And, better to resist the Ocean's Spight,
 Let drop the Yards from their accusom'd height,
 That

That the tall Pines might stand the more secure,
And, with less Harm, the boist'rous Winds endure.

In this sad Plight, with Art, we battl'd Force,
Regarding more our Safety than our Course;
The sturdy Boatswain swore, the Chaplain pray'd,
But still the Tempest no abatement made:
The Billows striking Fire, the Danger shew'd,
And growing Fears our fading Hopes pursu'd;
All shud'ring at the Waves that storm'd our Prow,
And with resistless Rage broke o'er our Bow,
Rolling a-midship, fore and aft, to find
Their native Seas, from which they were disjoin'd,
Till creeping thro' the Scuppers, then, at length,
Rally'd our Ship again with double Strength,
As if God Neptune, prodigal of Pow'r,
Resolv'd we never more should see the Shore;
So, when a bold Detachment storms a Town,
But proves too weak to make the same their own,
When beaten back, their Fortitude to show,
Th' augment their Force and re-attack the Foe.

But our bold Captain, who undaunted stood,
Commanding what he thought most safe and good,
Despis'd the Fury of the threat'ning Waves,
And with heroick Courage warm'd his Slaves.

So,

So, the brave Chief, not fearing to be slain,
 Faces Death's Messengers with proud Disdain,
 And cheers his sweating Troops upon the fatal
 Plain.

Sometimes, my Lads, pump briskly, he would cry,
 Then roar out, Hard-a-Weather, by and by.
 Hard up, I say; Z---s give her all you can:
 Well done, my Lad, thou steer'st her like a Man.
 She Boxes bravely, though the Sea runs high;
 But, Heav'ns be prais'd, no threatening Shore is nigh.
 Ne'er fear, but Courage take, my Hearts of Gold;
 Go see what depth of Water's in the Hold:
 What say my Lads, are all things safe below?
 Yea, yea; that's well; we've a tite Ship I know.
 Be brisk, my Boys, we've nothing yet amiss,
 She's work'd through many a greater Storm than
 this —

Thus, giving Comfort to his active Slaves,
 With mounting Keel we climb'd the swelling Waves;
 The sturdy Bark, contending as she fled,
 With the proud Billows that assail'd her Head,
 Did bravely their united Pow'r divide,
 And box'd her briny Foes from Side to Side.

So

So, the courageous Bull with curling Crest,
 When by his dub-nos'd Enemies oppress'd,
 Boldly despising their confederate Force,
 Does, with his active Horns, his Foes disperse.

At length the Winds with greater Violence blew,
 And the rude Ocean more tempestuous grew;
 Streams of swift Lightning darted through the Air,
 And rolling Thunder eccho'd from afar:
 The fullen Clouds did in their turns gape wide,
 And breath'd their subtle Flames from Side to Side;
 Which, as they swiftly pass'd, hiss'd round the Bark,
 Then vanish'd from our Sight and left us dark.
 So, the disdainful Nymph her Mask withdraws,
 And, with a sudden glance, her Lover awes;
 Just throws her Lightning at his wond'ring Eyes,
 Then juts away, and leaves him in surprize.

As through the tow'ring Seas we cut our Way,
 Involv'd in darkness, praying loud for Day;
 Young sporting Whales around the Vessels play'd,
 And, through their Gills, a hollow groaning made:
 Cast up their Spouts into the thickning Air,
 And plow'd the angry Surges here and there;
 All seeming, by their fiery Heads, to bode
 Approaching Mischiefs when they 'rose and blow'd:

B

Then

Then bolting through the Waves, they made us feel
 The jarring Strokes they gave the sturdy Keel,
 That the whole Vessel trembled at the Shock,
 As if we'd struck upon some fatal Rock.
 Porpus' in Numbers revel'd in the Dark,
 And, rolling by our sides, admired the Bark:
 Their ugly Form, tho' Night, we could descry
 By the fierce Lightning, darted from the Sky.
 Sometimes they'd sport upon each foaming Wave,
 Pleas'd with the Flashes which the Heavens gave,
 As if the finny Monsters meant to warm
 Their frigid Noses in the fiery Storm.
 So, Batts and Owls, who shun the solar Light,
 Expand their pointed Wings and rove by Night;
 In frightful Tempests join their Mates and fly,
 With greatest Pleasure when the Wind's most high.

The jarring Elements still fiercer grew,
 And all things seem'd more dreadful to our View:
 The angry Seas their utmost Envy show'd,
 And every Cloud its flaming Sulphur throw'd;
 As if contending Gods had been at Wars,
 And that the Heavens were ruffled with their Jars --
 For as we toss'd, we trembled with the Fright
 Of dismal Darkness, or tremendous Light.

Nocturnal Horrors did the Globe imbrace,
 And dire Confusion fill'd the cloudy Space.
 The blazing Darts encounter'd with the Wind,
 And Bolts of Thunder follow'd still behind;
 For as the pointed Lightning hissing flew,
 A dreadful Clap did ev'ry Flash pursue.
 So, Death's loud Engines we so oft employ,
 By whose swift Balls such valiant Members die,
 First spit their Fire, then Eccho through the Sky. }

The Seas in Mountains did themselves divide,
 And threatning Graves look'd deep on ev'ry Side.
 Sometimes in liquid Vales we rolling lay,
 And then thro' briny Alps we cut our Way;
 Sinking from thence tow' rds *Neptune's* Palace down,
 As if transfer'd into some World unknown.
 Then, climbing watry Hills, arose as high,
 As if our Top-mast touch'd the dusky Sky.
 Thus through the frightning Danger did we steer,
 All lab'ring in the Storm 'twixt Hope and Fear;
 Humbly imploring, that the Gods would save
 Our strug'ling Vessel from each threat'ning Wave,
 Which spir'd aloft, and with impetuous Rage,
 Its foaming Neighbours fiercely did engage;
 And yet no sooner were their Wars begun,
 But many join'd their clashing Heads in one;

As

As if they only jossled with delight,
 And, like true Lovers, quarrel'd to unite.
 So, Accidents oft raise a sudden Strife,
 'Twixt the fond Husband and the am'rous Wife;
 Who, in a Trice, conclude their verbal War,
 And hug the closer when their Jars are o'er.

The Storm encreas'd, as did our trembling Fears--
 Till our best Hopes were in our Pray'rs and Tears.
 Fierce Hurricanes in powerful Gusts assail'd
 The tumbling Bark, till all our Courage fail'd,
 Except the Captain's, who undaunted stood,
 And, with a Look serene, the Danger view'd :
 Whilst stormy Winds encreasing still their Force,
 Enrag'd th' aspiring Waves from bad to worse,
 And by the Demons of the Air impow'r'd,
 Wrung the tall Masts and brought 'em to the Board,
 Whose lofty Heads had oft in triumph stood,
 Whilst dying Mortals stain'd their Sides with Blood.
 When show'rs of Bullets flew like *April*-hail,
 From Foes that storm'd our floating Citadel.
 But now the tow'ring Pines, which long had born
 Their spreading Canvas, were to shivers torn,
 And by the Tempest stript of ev'ry Sail,
 Bow'd their stiff Necks and crackl'd as they fell.

So the stout Oak sustains, we often find,
 The Force of Thunder, and the Rage of Wind ;
 Till Storms more violent, do at last confound
 The yielding Plant, and rend it to the Ground ;
 Whose sturdy Arms, and solid Trunk had stood,
 For Ages past, the Wonder of the Wood —

Now through the clashing Seas the roving Hull,
 Unrig'd, unmast'd, and disrob'd of all
 Her useful Tackle, cut her doubtful Way,
 And still surviv'd her dangerous decay:
 Whilst our bold Captain chear'd each fainting Slave,
 And by his own Example made them brave.
 Thus the great Mind with Christian Courage blest,
 Will nobly with impending Fate contest ;
 On Heav'n and his own Fortitude rely,
 Scorning to yield whilst able to defy.

But still the dreadful Tempest did encrease,
 Nor wou'd the roaring Winds their Fury cease;
 But blow'd so fiercely, shifting here and there,
 As if infernal Demons fill'd the Air,
 And that proud *Luci*, to Rebellion given,
 Prompted by *Envy* and by Malice driven,
 Had led his hellish Troops once more to War with
 Heaven.

The

The trembling Crew now, shock'd with fresh
Surprize,

Began t' express their Fears in doleful Cries :
Some to their Prayers in humble Postures fell,
As if the Clouds had rung their Passing-bell :
Others more hardy, tho' amaz'd they stood,
Yet with less dread the horrid Danger view'd.
Some at the Pump their sturdy Arms employ'd,
And did with Pains, imprison'd Waters void ;
Discharging back to the imperious Main,
The captive Brine we in the Storm had ta'en.
Others quite destitute of Sense or Grace,
Thoughtless of present Death, or future Place,
Like frightened Brutes, stood roaring in the Ark,
And curs'd the Winds that had unrig'd the Bark.
So losing Gamesters when with Passion drunk,
Some pray to Fortune, others damn the Punk.

Thus *Neptune's* Sons their various Humours had,
Some mute with Terror, others raving Mad :
But the most wicked seem'd the least dismay'd,
Discharging hellish Oaths at those that pray'd.
So groaning Mortals, who on Death-beds lie,
Make different Ends, and as they liv'd they die.

The

The churly Boatwain, busled fore and aft,
 Now rav'd and damn'd, and then a Dram he quaff'd,
 With knotted Hemp, reviv'd the slothful Back,
 That each, in turn, his Trig at Helm might take;
 Driving the drowsy Slaves from sleepy Ease,
 T' attend the threatening Dangers of the Seas;
 Cut down the Hammocks where the Lubbers lay,
 And made them labour to deserve their Pay;
 Strain'd his hoarse Voice at every Fault he found,
 And doom'd them to be hang'd instead of drown'd;
 Kept all above Deck in a Time of Need,
 That none, thro' Sloth, might be from Duty freed,
 But in their several Stations ready stand,
 To instantly obey their Chief's Command.
 Some ponder'd upon Fate they hop'd to shun,
 Disputing what was safest to be done —
 Winching at Waves, they did with Dread behold,
 As o'er our Hatches, they in Triumph rowl'd.
 So Troops, tho' valiant, when their Foes appear,
 In trembling Files, behold the Danger near,
 Their General's Orders with impatience wait,
 Some hoping Conquest, others fearing Fate.

Still clashing Billows into Mountains swell'd,
 Which our sad Eyes on e'ery side beheld ;

The

The gaping Clouds still darting forth new Light,
 That shew'd the dreadful Perils of the Night;
 Huge liquid Islands broke upon our Bow,
 And did with rapid Force our Decks o'erflow:
 Run fore and aft, as if design'd our Graves,
 And rowl'd from Stem to Stern in curling Waves,
 Clean wash'd the Deck, and then by slow degrees,
 Stole thro' our Skuppers and rejoin'd their Seas:
 Yet still we liv'd by Providence divine,
 Tho' angry *Neptune* pickl'd us in Brine.
 A greater God preserv'd us from the Main,
 And, tho' we drown'd a-while, we rose again:
 Then like pale Convicts pardon'd by the State,
 We bless'd the Pow'r that disappointed Fate;
 And, pleas'd, we thus surviv'd the Danger near,
 Subdu'd with sudden Joy, our pannick Fear.

Our Burden now we lighten'd by degrees,
 And, with our wealthy Lading, brib'd the Seas,
 That each triumphant Wave which o'er us run,
 Might be depriv'd thereby, of Pow'r to drown;
 For as the floating Bark less Water drew,
 More safely o'er the liquid Hills we flew;
 And from the dismal Valleys of the Main,
 Mounted aloft with greater Ease again.

So the Land-Robber when he gets a Prize,
 And finds it weighty, as in haste he flies;
 If close pursu'd, he drops the heavy Purse,
 To save his Neck, by favouring his Horse.

The Seas impatient that we thus surviv'd,
 As if God *Neptune* thought us too long-liv'd,
 With raging Force, the trembling Crew dismay'd,
 And rent the Boltsprit from the Vessel's Head;
 The angry Ocean striving to obtain
 By Piecemeal, what at once it could not gain:
 This fresh Disaster caus'd a sudden Cry,
 As if our Hopes were sunk, and Death was nigh.
 A dire Confusion thro' the Ship arose,
 And penitential Sighs were mixt with Oaths.
 Some to Almighty *Jove* their Pray'rs apply'd,
 Some for their distant Wives and Children cry'd:
 Others exempt from any sign of Fear,
 Seem'd boldly to dispute the Danger near.
 Just so in Battle, where the War-horse pants,
 The Hero blusters and the Coward faints —

The brave Commander still maintain'd his ground
 No shews of Terror in his Looks were found;
 No cowardly Faulters in his Speech betray'd,
 His manly Courage in the least decay'd;

C

But

But on the Rolling-Deck undaunted stood,
 Braving the Danger, as a Hero shou'd :
 "Chear up, my Hearts, the god-like Monarch cry'd,
 "In spite of Winds we still in safety ride.
 "What tho' the Shrouds are from the Gunnels torn,
 "And to the Deck our lofty Masts are born,
 "The Boltsprit shiver'd from her tatter'd Head,
 "And on the raging Winds our Sails are fled ;
 "Yet, by *Jove's* Providence, we live and swim,
 "And shall not perish whilst we trust in him.
 "Be brisk, my Lads, I hope the Worst is past,
 "For Storms like this, too violent are to last.
 "Good Heavens be prais'd, our Hull is tite and found ;
 "Chear up, and take a Cup of Comfort round ;
 "Go, Boy, with the best Brandy fill a Cann,
 "And hand a moderate Dram to ev'ry Man.
 "The Moon that bears Dominion o'er the Sea,
 "And rules the Waves, must near her rising be ;
 "When she appears, the Demons of the Night
 "That vex the Winds, will vanish from her Light.
 "The Clouds begin to open in the East,
 "Our raging Foes, e're long will be at rest,
 "And all the mid-night Spirits fly to shun
 "The lucid Splendor of the limpid Moon ;
 "For the mad Goblins who in darkness dwell,
 "When Light approaches, seek their native Hell ;
 "Therefore,

“ Therefore, my Lads, be vigilant and bold,
 “ And pump with Courage, ’till you clear the Hold ;
 “ For if no unseen Danger lurks below,
 “ Aloft, we fear no stormy Winds that blow :
 “ To doubt *Jove’s* Goodness is a high Offence,
 “ He’s always safe that trusts in Providence.
 “ The Brave, by Courage, Fortune’s Frowns abate,
 “ Whilst fainting Cowards hasten on their Fate.

As Light approach’d, the jostling Clouds began
 To draw their Sluces, and discharge their Rain ;
 In weighty Show’rs the piercing Waters fell,
 Shot down by Thunder, and commixt with Hail,
 That on the slippery Decks we quaking stood,
 Dreading a second universal Flood.
 The icy Stones like Bullets from on high,
 Did, with sharp Violence, in our Faces fly ;
 Caus’d by their sudden Stroaks a pricking smart,
 Tormenting, as they fell, each tender Part.
 Sometimes in hasty Squalls the Rains were thrown,
 And by tempestuous Winds upon us blown ;
 Which, as we totter’d on our rolling Decks,
 Drip’d from our spongy Locks and numb’d our
 Necks :

Nor

Nor did the Show'rs in Drops, but Streams, come
 down,
 As if the restless Seas so proud were grown,
 That quite disdaining of the Land's embrace,
 T' had broke their Bounds, and climb'd the mighty
 Space,
 For falling Rivers join'd the foaming Main,
 And tho' we liv'd on Brine, we drown'd in Rain.

But 'when the stormy Heav'ns, in eager Wars
 Had spent their Thunder, and appeas'd their Jars,
 And Clouds their liquid Stores had disembogu'd,
 Which in their smoaky Arms they long had hug'd;
 The spangl'd Roof did, to our Joy, appear,
 And here and there, 'twixt flying Skuds, look'd clear;
 The eastern Sky produc'd a pleasing Light,
 And, from the approaching Moon, grew calm and
 white,
 Whose palled Rays each Moment brighter shone,
 As the fair Goddess climb'd the Horizon;
 Till starting up at last thro' distant Seas,
 She did the Ocean's Fury soon appease;
 As if she came, with utmost speed, to save
 Dispairing Mortals from a watery Grave.
 Like zealous *Persians* we ador'd her Light,
 Blest the bright Nymph and glory'd in her sight,
 Whose

Whose peaceful Looks, by some celestial Charm,
 Soon quell'd the Rage of the declining Storm;
 Repell'd the Winds, and looking down in state,
 Did, with calm Smiles, the swelling Waves abate;
 Thus, by her influence, were the Heavens clear'd,
 That o'er our Heads no threat'ning Cloud appear'd;
 As if Night-spirits, when they sporting rise
 Between the restless Ocean and the Skies,
 Were bound, by the Decree of Fate, to shun
 The pale-faced Moon, as Ghosts the rising Sun.
 Such Pow'r has Beauty, that each hurtful Sprite,
 Flies from her Charms, as Bats and Owls from Light.

Thus all the jarring Elements were tam'd
 And Peace between the Winds and Seas proclaim'd;
 Thanksgivings now supply'd the room of Prayers,
 And sudden Joy pursu'd our flying Fears.
 Our curdl'd Blood, by dying Thoughts congeal'd,
 And from its usual Course by Frights repell'd,
 Resum'd its native Warmth, and now began
 To force its Passage thro' each frozen Vein:
 The Sailors their despairing Looks adjourn'd,
 And their late Terrors into Gladness turn'd:
 A pleasing Hope fate smiling on their Brows,
 And the calm Prospect did their Spirits rouze;

That

That as the World (now pass'd the dreadful Scene)
 Appear'd as if 't'ad fresh created been.
 So every Man, delighted with the View,
 Seem'd, by his Aspect, chang'd to something new.
 Made light of all the dreadful Flurries past,
 And join'd their Hands to raise a Jury-Mast;
 Repair'd their Sails that in confusion lay,
 And for the next good Haven steer'd away.
 When thus the angry Demons of the Air
 Were fled, and all look'd promising and fair,
 A noble Bowle the merry Mortals slung,
 And, as they work'd the Vessel sip'd and sung.
 So the Wood-Choiristers in Wind and Rain,
 With drooping Heads fit full of Fear and Pain;
 But when the Violence of the Storm is o'er,
 And the Sun-beams a pleasing Calm restore,
 They clap their Wings for Joy, and warble as before. }





T H E

Contemplative Angler.



THE CONSPIRACY

OF

CONSPIRATIVE ANGLES

THE CONSPIRACY

T H E

Contemplative Angler.

HOW beauteous does the azure Skies appear!
 How bright the Sun, and how serene the Air!

How green and pleasant are each flow'ry Mead,
 Where teeming Nature does her ~~Beauty~~ spread! *Green*
 How the calm Streams in soft Meanders glide,
 And, whispering, kiss the Osiers as they slide!
 With what submission do the verdant Weeds,
 Upon the Surface, bow their humble Heads;
 And, pointing downwards, as the Waters flow,
 Seem to direct which way the Stream should go!
 How blest do all things — Z——ds a jolly Bite,
 E'faith I've lost him — pox of Fortune's Spite.
 I thought him once my own, but now he's gone;
 What a damn'd Fool was I to strike so soon.

D

He

He was a thumping Devil by his Weight;
 A Murrain take him, he has gorg'd the Bait;
 This Hook's too small to hold a Fish so great.
 Have at thee, finny Friend, once more I'll try,
 There's a fresh Worm to tempt thy longing Eye;
 But if thy Jaws are prickt then farewell Fish,
 I ne'er shall see thee butter'd in my Dish;
 For Fish, once wounded, from the Hook retire,
 As the burnt Child futurely dreads the Fire.

How fertile are the Banks on which I stand!
 With Flowers adorn'd by Nature's generous Hand!
 How kindly they defend the neighbouring Grounds,
 And keep the swelling Floods within their Bounds:
 Whilst fleeting Flocks upon their Edges graze,
 And, with cool Herbs, prolong their happy Days.
 How good is bounteous Heaven, to bestow
 Such Mercies on his Creatures here below!
 O bless me! what a swinging Jack is there;
 Oh! that I had my Trolling-line or Snare.
 What a dull thoughtless Fool was I, to come,
 Thus, Bungler like, and leave my Tools at home:
 Sure my cross Stars with Fortune's Frowns unite;
 What a rare Supper shall I lose this Night!
 N—ns, I cou'd leap upon thee, and bestride
 Thy brawny Back, and, like *Orion*, ride.

How

How quick he's fled, as if the Rogue could hear
 My murmuring Threats, and shot away for fear.
 It's well thou'rt gone, or I'd have found some way
 To've stopt thy Journey, and have forc'd thy stay,
 For thou art grown to such a large extent,
 That Butter ought to be thy Element.

Bless me! what Flights of Starlings tow'r aloft,
 And how the Pidgeons cover yonder's Croft!
 What shame it is they shou'd in triumph feed,
 And, to the Farmer's Wrong, devour his Seed.
 Had I my Gun, I'd wish no fairer Sight;
 What slaughter could I — Wounds a Bite, a Bite.
 I've mist again; but this Loss is not much,
 'Twas but a Minnoe or a puny Roch:
 Some nibbling Fry that scarce could sink the Float,
 Not worth the Dressing if it had been caught:
 'Tis true, tho' small, a Dozen of such Fish
 Might have been us'd for garnish round the Dish;
 But let him go, I've time 'twixt this and Night
 To fill my Bags with Thumpers, if they Bite.
 Not that I'll be so proud to scorn the Less,
 The puny Fry the Number will encrease;
 For what we Anglers murder, small or great,
 We always count by Dozens, not by Weight.

Now

Now for a Carp of eighteen Inches long,
 I'll show him sport — I know my Tackle's strong.
 E're now, with this same single Hair and Rod,
 I've weigh'd a Carp as lusty as a Cod.
 Hold — I believe I stretch a little there;
 However, 'twas a monstrous Fish I'll swear:
 I'm sure it din'd full twenty Men at least,
 And was esteem'd a very sumptuous Feast;
 Nay, there was more than all the Guest could eat,
 But 'twas, indeed, help'd out with Butcher's Meat.
 How soft and sweet does yonder Skie-lark sing,
 As up aloft she towers upon the Wing!
 The Glories of the Sun delight her Eyes,
 And make her, from her Nest, in triumph rise:
 But now she to her utmost Pitch is flown,
 She stops her Note and drops in silence down.
 So the proud Favourite that aspires at Court,
 Smiles as he rises, at the neather Sort;
 But soaring on, too prodigal of Flight,
 Disrob'd of Pow'r, he pitches from his Height.

How brisk and gay — ad'sheart my Float is
 drown'd,

Now for a Fish that weighs at least a Pound.
 Pox on't, 'tis a Ground-bite; my Line is lost;
 Was ever Man with more ill Fortune crost?

A Murrain take those Weeds that lurking lie,
 The curling Surface hid them from mine Eye:
 This ugly Loss forebodes no good Success,
 Tho' I've more Lines to help me in Distress;
 But I'll remove from hence to yonder Nook,
 And not split twice upon one fatal Rock.
 So — let me see — Ay, this I think will do!
 Here's a fine Shade, and a deep Water too.
 This is a likely Place as Heart can wish;
 The Devil's in't if here I catch no Fish.
 There I lie well, if Fortune be but kind,
 I'll show her Sport altho' the Gypsy's blind.
 When in one Place, we've Disappointments found,
 'Tis Wisdom for a Man to change his Ground.

How kindly does this shady Willow spread,
 And from the scorching Sun defend my Head:
 Sure 'tis some *Daphne* chang'd into a Tree,
 To save her Beauty from Pollution free,
 And that she might, by being turn'd to Wood,
 Escape the Fury of some lustful God.
 Oh that I had my *Mariana* here!
 With what Delight could I embrace my Dear!
 Who could a more secure Retirement find?
 The Place by Nature seems for Love design'd.

No envious Eye could interrupt our Joys;
 What amorous Pair could make a safer Choice?
 None but the Gods and silent Fish could see,
 What past betwixt the blushing Nymph and me.
 Oh! that I had her struggling in my Arms,
 How kindly could I warm her melting Charms:
 By Hugs and Vows decoy the pretty Fool,
 And fish for Joy in Love's delightful Pool.
 But this alas, is but an idle Dream,
 Rais'd by the lulling Whispers of the Stream,
 Whose pleasing Murmurs do my Soul inspire
 With gentle love, and kindle fond Desire.

A Bite, a fwinging Bite — a Pox of Love —
 Well struck — he's mine — I have him fast, by *Jove*.
 I dare not weigh him; he's so big, I fear
 He'll snap my Line; 'tis but a single Hair.
 Hang it, I'll try: Now Fortune give me Luck:
 Ad'sdeath he's shear'd my Line, and gorg'd my
 Hook.

He was a bouncing Rogue; so monstrous big,
 He roll'd about and tumbled like a Pig.
 Nouns! that my Tackle thus should let him go;
 Fortune's a Whore to tantalize me so.
 What Man can such a Loss with Patience bear,
 Such cursed Luck wou'd make a Parson swear.

Thi

This is a fretting Plague, a double Hurt;
 I've lost at once my Booty and my Sport.
 My Hooks and Lines are gone, I'm ruin'd quite,
 Just as the Perch and Trout begin to Bite:
 Had it not been for this confounded Fish,
 I'm sure I should have kill'd a noble Dish.
 Besides, my Wife may lose her Longing by't,
 I told her she should Sup of Fish to Night;
 And since I've none to carry home, I fear
 She'll think, poor Girl, I had 'em drest elsewhere:
 So teaze herself that I should prove unkind,
 And, with her own Mistakes, disturb her Mind —
 However, I have one Reserve at last,
 To save my Credit and delight her Taste;
 I'll to the Miller step, for a small Sum
 He'll cast his Net, and send me loaded home:
 For he who disappoints a Longing-Wife,
 Adds Thorns and Briars to a Marry'd-Life;
 For Wives or Mistresses, we daily find,
 No longer than they're humour'd will be kind.





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T H E
Republican Procession ;
 O R, T H E
Tumultuous Cavalcade, &c.

IN Times of Libelling and Squabbling,
 When Fools in Politicks were dabbling,
 And Knaves of no Church were Pretenders
 To be Religion's best Defenders ;
 Till boasted Zeal had in Reality
 Expung'd all Vertue and Morality,
 And Faith, so much esteem'd of Old,
 Was made a Stalking-Horse to Gold ;
 That all Sides, tho' they seem'd to differ
 About some nice religious Cypher,
 Yet in the main agreed to pray
 (Like modern *Saints*) the *gainful'st* way,
 Who to their Int'rest and their Ease
 Conform their *tender* Consciences,

Holding it sinful to be serving
 The LORD in any Cause that's starving;
 Taking at all Times special heed
 To pray as cunning Lawyers plead;
 That is, but slightly, when they find
 Heav'n does not see them to their Mind.

In these *Fanatick Times* there reign'd
 A QUEEN that did the Faith defend,
 Of all Her Sex the very best,
 Yet greatly injur'd and oppress'd
 By *Faction* and her *envious Brood*,
 Who find most Fault with what's most Good,
 And never will have done pretending
 To mend, alas, what needs no Mending,
 Tho', like dull Critick, or Translator,
 They make Things worse, instead of better;
 Yet have the Vanity the while
 To think they're bright'ning what they spoil:
 O'er this *Enthusiastick Race*
 Of *Saints*, and others full as base,

The Best of Ladies was appointed
 By Heav'n to rule, as GOD's Anointed.
 Happy were all in such a QUEEN,
 Or so, at least, they might have been,
 Had they but had the Sense to've known
 The Vertues that possess'd the Throne:
 But thro' Ingratitude or Blindness,
 Ill Use was made of all Her Kindness,
 And groundless Faults, by wicked Men,
 Reflected falsely on Her Reign;
 Tho' mighty Favours She had flung
 On faithless Friends that did Her Wrong,
 And always was the most betray'd,
 By Minions that Herself had made;
 As if Ingratitude at Court
 Was thought no Crime in any Sort,
 And Treachery from Time to Time
 The Courtier's only Way to climb.

Among the crafty Crew of Great
 Pretenders to the Tricks of State,

Who

Who waited round the Throne, in order
 T' attend their Sov'reign, and to guard Her;
 There was a Noble *Fighting* Lord,
 Whose Deeds, not only of the Sword,
 Have in our *Gazettes* been recorded,
 As well as lavishly rewarded,
 But all his Vertues, by the Mouth
 Of Fame, been spread from North to South;
 His faithful Service to his Prince,
 Who rais'd him from the Ground long since,
 And sav'd him from the gaping Waves,
 When Hundreds made the same their Graves;
 The wond'rous Courage that he shew'd,
 As well as Love and Gratitude
 To his kind Master, in such Times,
 When Men grew Mighty by their Crimes,
 And when he wanted Friends that durst
 To've done their Best, and stood the Worst,
 Such Friends as would have ventur'd their Skins
 Against the *Flemish* Boors in Bear-Skins;
 His Justice to his Master's Daughter,
 Who rais'd him up so High soon after,
 And

And made his Part'ner, in the Sequel,
 Her Confident; in short, Her Equal,
 And chose the *Trusty* Lord to be
 Her noble Champion Cap-a-pee;
 Forgetting quite how *well* his G——
 Had serv'd Her Father in Distress;
 His thankful Gratitude, when Great,
 To Her who rais'd him to his State;
 And all his *kind* Attempts, in vain,
 To ease Her of Her Careful Reign:
 I say, these *Grateful, Good Behaviours*,
 In Retribution of Her Favours,
 Accompany'ng such Pers'nal Valour,
 That never yet was tax'd with Failure,
 But wisely, to a purblind Lord
 Had like to've shewn itself at Sword,
 That ev'n the dimnest Eyes might see
 His bold undaunted Bravery;
 I say, such Vertue, so much Merit
 Inherent in so brave a Spirit,
 Could do no less than win the Publick,
 And make his Pride a little Oblique;
 How-

However, aiming to aspire
 As high as Monarchy, or higher,
 And fancy'ng he could rule the State,
 As well as *Noll* of ancient Date,
 By *Zara's* Management he reckon'd
 To be an *Oliver* the Second,
 Fore-knowing that his wife Directress
 Would make an excellent Protectress,
 Or prove a very useful Wife
 To a Lord General for Life.
 But of a sudden, all their Hopes
 Are baffl'd, and the Project drops;
 Their Royal Mistress found 'em out,
 And smelt the Plot they were about,
 Reproach'd th' ambitious Pair together,
 And sent 'em packing, *God knows whither*;
 Remov'd Her Sword, obtain'd a Peace,
 Reliev'd Her Kingdoms in Distress;
 And that which vex'd the *Faction* worse,
 To safer Hands convey'd the Purse,
 And would have done (had *Some* been hearty)
 More Wonders for the Loyal Party;

But

But as between the Cup and Lip
 Things unforeseen will often slip,
 So Death was pleas'd to interpose
 And gratify the Nation's Foes,
 By cutting short a milder Reign
 Than *Faction* e'er will find again;
 For none that ever rul'd the Roast,
 Less Ease, or greater Fame, could boast,
 None labour more for *England's* Good,
 Repay'd with such Ingratitude;
 Nor QUEEN o'er any stubborn Race
 E'er suffer more, or punish less;
 But yet no sooner was it known
 That Heav'n had snatch'd Her from the Throne,
 But Envy made Her Death her Sport,
 And seem'd well pleas'd at the Report;
 Whilst the glad *Whigs* reform'd their Faces,
 And chang'd to Smiles their late Grimaces,
 Advanc'd their Stocks, cry'd *Heavens bless her*,
 And rung loud Peals to Her Successor,
 Who was proclaim'd, as Princes ought,
 With wondrous Joy, surpassing Thought;
 B Which

Which Tidings flying round, as fast,
 As Winds and Seas could give 'em haste,
 Soon brought our flighted Champion over
 From *Foreign Shelter*, back to *Dover*;
 Thence moving on in Princely Pomp,
 Like any *Noll*, to meet a *Rump*;
 Till he at length to Town was brought,
 Hoping to be *the Lord knows what*;
 And how he enter'd *London City*,
 I'll tell ye in the following Ditty.

The Pompous Cavalcade.

AS cruel *Nero* triumph'd o'er
 His Lifeless Mother heretofore,
 And shamefully expos'd the Womb
 That brought the Monster into *Rome*;
 To shew their Madness much the same,
 Our *quondam* Champion, and his Dame,
 In mighty Pomp, the other Day,
 Came in t'insult their Mother's Clay;
 That

(II)

That is, a QUEEN, who'd been, in troth,
A Nurfing-Mother to them both,
And made 'em, as 'tis understood
By all the World, more Great than Good.

From *Kent*, where they dispens'd their Bounty
To win the Rabble of the County,
And bribe the Rural Looby-Louts,
To change their Hisses into Shouts,
They mov'd in state to *Kent-Street* End,
With scarce a Follower or a Friend,
Besides the Civil-Lift our Lord-
Protector landed from a-Board:
But here a mottl'd prick-ear'd Troop
Of Horse were drawn in Order up,
Consisting of a factious Crew
Of all the Sects in *Rosse's* View,
From *Calvin's Anti-Babylonians*,
Down to the frantick *Muggletonians*;
Mounted on founder'd Skins and Bones,
That scarce could crawl along the Stones,

As if the *Round-heads* had been robbing
 The Higglers Inns of *Ball* and *Dobbin*,
 And all their *Skeletonian Tits*,
 That could but halt along the Streets:
 The frightful Troop of thin-jaw'd Zealots,
 Curs'd Enemies to Kings and Prelates,
 Those Champions of Religious Errors,
 Looking as if the Prince of Terrors
 Was coming with his dismal Train,
 To *plague* the City once again.

Before this inconsistent Throng,
 In solemn Order march'd along,
 A File of Liv'ry Men or two
 On Horseback, cloath'd in *German Blue*,
 To shew the *Whigs*, that tho' they led 'em,
 Their Masters ready were to head 'em.

Behind these blue Dragoons, cut out
 To serve on Horseback, or on Foot,
 Advanc'd a *Erewing Knight*, notorious
 For Actions foolish and inglorious,

An exc'llent Doctor, well as *Warder*,
 To cure or keep *Madmen* in Order,
 Or, by *sequest'ring* what they've got,
 To make Men *mad*, in case they're not.
 Nor is this Noble *Knight* less Valiant
 Than any *Covent-Garden* Gallant,
 But claims a Place among Bravadoes,
 For paying *Bills* with *Bastinadoes*,
 And tearing Notes himself has made,
 Before they're satisfy'd or paid.
 Besides, as other Knights have kill'd
 Their Dragon-Foes in open Field,
 And conquer'd Giants, in Defence
 Of Ladies and their Innocence;
 So did our *Knight* vouchsafe to thwack
 A furly Carman's sturdy Back,
 And prick'd his Thill-Horse in the Arse,
 To shew himself a Son of *Mars*;
 Laying him sprawling on the Ground,
 With one victorious bloody Wound;
 And all, because the Brute, they say,
 Refus'd to give the *Knight* the Way.

Thus

Thus do some Champions win Renown,
By Deeds of Prowess they have done,
Whilst other Knights, who fear to face
Like Dangers, dwindle to Disgrace.

Next to the Knight there rode a true-
Blue Cobbling Protestant St. *Hugh*,
So call'd, because that Saint is made
The Leathern Patron of his Trade,
Whose wooden Bones he worships more
Than God, his Church, or Sov'reign Pow'r,
Or any Thing, except his glorious
Triumphant Idol, so victorious,
Ador'd by all the gentle Craft
That work in Garrets up aloft,
As well as Cobbling Sots that breathe
His Praises out in Stalls beneath.

Next him a famous *Southwark Jaylor*,
A trusty Whig of equal Valour,
Rode shouting to the hissing Crowd,
And crying *Liberty* aloud.

Altho'

Altho' whene'er the Laws o'ercome us,
 His Business is to keep it from us,
 And Tyrant-like to never grant it,
 Unless we pay for't, when we want it.
 So Rebels, that inflame a Nation,
 Whene'er they rise, cry *Reformation*;
 But if they bring their Betters under,
 Their whole Religion ends in *Plunder*.

Saint Luke the *Baptist* next appear'd
 Among this wild *Republick* Herd,
 Who, when the best of QUEENS possess'd
 The Throne, and all the Kingdom blest'd,
 Could talk High-Treason in his Shop,
 With Tongue more oily than his Soap,
 And with his Firkins turn'd to Barrels
 Of Powder, that by Civil Quarrels,
 The *pious Faction* might once more
 Subvert the Church and Sov'reign Pow'r,
 And that his zealous Friends and he
 In greater Readiness might be,

After

After he'd sung a Psalm or Two,
 And pray'd, as he is wont to do,
 He did with Zeal, and Courage hearty,
 Cast Bullets for the *godly* Party;
 Hoping that in a little Time
Rebellion would be thought no Crime,
 And that such Implements once more
 Might wound the *Babylonian* Whore.
 But factious Fools are oft mistaken,
 And lose, instead of save, their Bacon.

The *King of Evil Spirits* next
 Appear'd, and in his Mouth a Text;
 Who does the Publick double Wrong,
 And poisons those he gets among,
 Both with *Geneva*, and his Tongue:
 For when he rides the Country round,
 Where Fools and Chaps are to be found,
 He does not only drench and dram 'em,
 But with his Doctrines damn and sham 'em;
 Thus sells his Spirits, cants and prays,
 And propagates his Trade two ways;

Is of their Faith a double Pillar;
 Both *Baptist-Preacher* and *Distiller*;
 Altho' his Cordials with the *Saints*
 Are stronger than his Arguments,
 Yet both intoxicate by Turns,
 One warms their Ears, but t'other burns,
 And makes their Entrails by Degrees
 Much blacker than their Consciences.

A canting *Scot* does next succeed,
 Who deals in Hops, that bitter Weed;
 A mighty preaching *Saint* among
 The *Southwark Anabaptist* Throng,
 Regarded highly for his Cunning,
 And all the Shifts thereto belonging;
 Yet cannot keep, for all his Craft,
 The Curse their murder'd Kings have left
 Upon that scabby Race, from fretting
 His Wrists, which he relieves at Meeting,
 By scratching, or by Button whetting.

Next these, an *Independent* Brother,
 That looks one Way, and rows another,
 The Dung-Boat Captain of a Squadron
 Of Lighters loaded by the Cha'dron,
 And sometimes at the Lay-Stalls, where
 He's glad to make a Turd his Fare,
 And waft it up the *Thames* to sell it
 To th' *Gard'ners*, who delight to smell it,
 And prize it when it's old and mellow,
 As Misers do their Golden Yellow.
 This *Charon* of Fanatick Souls,
 Made black by wafting Them and Coals,
 Is rev'renc'd highly by the *Saints*,
 Not for his Worth, but Impudence,
 In daring to blaspheme the Name
 And Mem'ry of the Royal DAME,
 To whom we owe more thankful Praise,
 Than Heart can wish, or Tongue can raise.

Next these, a *Lecturer* of Note,
 A preaching Scandal to his Coat,

A busy

A busy, prating, factious Priest,
 Advanc'd, as joyful as the rest,
 Distinguish'd by his Habit holy,
 Tho't gave no Sanction to his Folly,
 But made the wiser Sort believe
 A *Knave* was hid in Pudding-Sleeve;
 To Pulpit rais'd by Whigs, to smother
 The Doctrines of his sacred Mother,
 And to confound his factious Hearers
 With wiggish and fanatick Errors,
 Which he hath done with Zeal so hearty,
 To curry Favour with his Party,
 That his whole Parish, to his Shame,
 Is nick-nam'd *Little Amsterdam*;
 Himself a prating Good-for-nothing,
 A very *Wolf* in Shepherd's Cloathing,
 Who does his utmost Forces bend
 To wrong the Church he should defend,
 And *Caterpillar* like, indeed,
 Destroys the Tree by which he's fed.

Among this wild *Fanatick Train*,
 Appear'd a famous *Small-Coal-Man*,
 Who does not only sell his Ware
 To this and t'other Maiden fair,
 But is the noted'st Quack in Town,
 Who boasts a *Nostrum* of his own,
 By which alone, 'thout Wit or Fear,
 He kills his Thousands in a Year;
 And when his Talent he employs,
 Best pleases when he most destroys,
 And as the Slaughter proves the greater,
 More Credit gains, and thrives the better;
 For Buggy Bedsteads are in chief
 His Patients; and the best Relief
 He gives 'em is by fatal Unction,
 By which he kills without Compunction,
 And in one Night will poison more
 Than *Warwick-Lane* in half a Score.

The next that did on Horseback strut
 Among this factious Rabble-Rout;

Was a pert, little, prating, proud,
 Black *Mercer*, near the Gate of *Lud*;
 A *Presbyterian* by Profession,
 Who rattles with such Indignation
 Against the Church, as if his Skull
 Was not of Brains, but Malice full,
 And that he holds no other Faith,
 But what is founded in his Wrath;
 For seldom does he break his Silence,
 But with Invet'racy and Violence;
 And ne'er can keep his busy Tongue
 From ill asserting what is wrong,
 But makes a Mock, to shew his Folly,
 Of all that's *Rightful*, True, and Holy;
 Is one of Faction's Party-Drums,
 That rattles wheresoe'er he comes;
 At *Sam's* oft beats up Civil Wars,
 And sets whole Room-fulls by the Ears;
 But Coward-like has Wit to shun
 Th'approaching Danger, when he's done;
 For rather than be beat, he'll run.

This Party-Champion, with so fierce
 A Tongue, was mounted on a Horse
 He'd borrow'd of a *Quaking Saint*,
 Who loves to drink, as well as cant;
 A *Maggot-Monger* by his Trade,
 Who has 'em both in Shop and Head;
 Yet was not such a Zealot neither,
 To mix with *Kent-street* Mob, but rather
 Consented wisely that his Horse
 Should add his Presence to the Farce,
 Altho' his Master hung an Arse. }
 Therefore, since *Ananias* could not
 Attend the Pomp, or, may be, would not,
 He prov'd so civil as to send
 His Horse, and much less worthy Friend,
 Hoping two Brutes in such a Train
 Might serve instead of Horse and Man,

Amidst this pompous Cavalcade,
 The Doctor on his spotted Jade
 Not only made the greatest Jest,
 But the best Show of all the rest;
Spurring

Spurring into his Horse new Vigour,
 That both might make the better Figure;
 Attended with his *Indian* Trump,
 And Pacquet-Bearer at his Rump;
 One sounding forth the Victor's Fame,
 In Notes adapted to the same,
 Whilst t'other two strain'd hard to raise,
 Their hoarse flux'd Voices in his Praise,
 And made a Confort sweeter far,
 That that which terrify'd the Ear
 Of poor *Belfegar*, when 'twas told him,
 His noisy Wife was come to scold him.

A broken *Leather-Selling Round-head*,
 Who for much less than Half compounded,
 Was also proud, among the rest,
 To shew himself upon his Beast;
 Tho' most Men thought his ill-look'd Person
 Disgrac'd the Brute he clap'd his Arse on:
 For sure no *Counter-Catchpole*, mounted
 For *Tyburn-Road*, with Soul undaunted,

When

When at Cart's-Tail he creeps full flow,
 With Jav'lin rested on his Toe,
 Could be more his'd at by the Rout,
 Or teaz'd by those that rak'd about,
 Than was our *Bankrupt* Emiffary,
 Who seem'd about the Mouth so merry,
 That all Men in his Smiles might see,
 He triumph'd o'er Dead MAJESTY:
 Nay, often has been heard to prate,
 And say, *She dy'd three Years too late:*
 A venomous revengeful *Cit*,
 Who daily does in Publick spit
 More Poyson wheresoe'er he comes,
 Than fifty Toads have in their Gums;
 A *Sharper*, who has all his Paces
 In *Knawish* Suits, and *Bankrupt* Cafes;
 Well fitted for such Jobbs, or rather
 To punish Flies, in sultry Weather,
 For Shiting upon *Turkey-Leather*.

A famous *Brewer* next advanc'd
 Upon a Steed that finely pranc'd;

A Horse well fatted for the Day
 With Goods, instead of Oats and Hay;
 Which made his *laxative* Bumtwizzle
 Oft stain the Streets with *Brewer's* Fizzle,
 And poyson those that came behind
 With something worse than stinking Wind;
 As odious as the Rider's Breath,
 Who *curs'd* the QUEEN before Her Death,
 For which, to his eternal Shame,
 He paid *Marks Forty* for the fame;
 Yet afterwards was heard to rail,
 And say, if Curses could prevail,
 He would be glad at such a Rate
 To curse away his whole Estate.

If this be true, as some report,
 May he be curs'd for ever for't,
 Except he does repent at Heart!

The next an *Independant* Wizard,
 With Face more frightful than a Vizard,
 Who deals, to please our *English* Jews,
 In *Coffee*, *Tea*, and *Whiggish* News,
 D And

And sily, awkwardly, and oddly
 Oft hands *Geneva* to the *Godly*,
 Who blefs it Twenty times a Day,
 And fuck it up as Hogs do *Whcy*;
 Whilst Brother *Saint*, the pious Host,
 In Chimney-Corner takes his Post,
 There preaches *Lectures* in the Praise
 Of *Cromwell*, and those *Good-Old-Days*,
 And swears, could he believe his G — ce
 Would rule as well in t'other's Place,
 He'd be the first that should endeavour
 With *Sword* and *Gun* to bring him thither.

Thus does he prate and smoak all Day,
 Till he at length has bak'd his Clay
 To Cruft, and by his funking dy'd
 His Skin into an *Indian's* Hide.

Another, that succeeds old *Towne*,
 Who chose to rather hang than drown,
 Distinguish'd by his Brother Smoakers
 For often Riding out on Cock-horse,

With

With other Friends thought fit to mount
 His Steed, to meet the *German* Count :
 But when he found himself drawn up
 Among so scandalous a Troop,
 Betwixt Great *Eastcheap* and the *Lesser*,
 Rememb'ring *Towne* his Predecessor,
 And how he far'd, sneak'd off in time,
 For fear his Zeal might prove a Crime,
 And bring him into some Disaster
 Too fatal for his Purse to master ;
 So slipp'd away, and left the rest
 O'th' Fools to carry on the Jest ;
 Smoaking each Morning since, to wipe
 The Stain off, a repenting Pipe.

Next these, a *Presbyterian Shot-man*,
 In State-Affairs a very hot Man,
 Advanc'd among the Prentice-Boys,
 And prick-ear'd *Saints*, those Sons of Noise,
 Who seldom in such Pomp appear
 Elated, but when Danger's near.

This rank *Republican*, and great
 Reformer of the Church and State,
 Altho' he's rich, yet made his Father
 His Porter, or his Pack-Horse rather,
 And threaten'd oft, (as some have heard him)
 In case he grumbl'd, to discard him ;
 Yet ev'ry *Tuesday* cram'd a Crew
 Of *Pan-tile* Parsons, God knows who ;
 Whilst his poor Father, now at Ease,
 Was glad to feed on Bread and Cheese :
 For which, and other things as bad,
 Returning from the Cavalcade,
 His Courser gave him such a Cant,
 That broke the Noddle of the *Saint*,
 And would have giv'n his Brains a Bruise,
 But that h'ad none to hurt or lose.

Another of the same Persuasion,
 Who can conform upon Occasion,
 And for a place, like other *Saints*,
 Take any Oaths or Sacraments,

Was mounted on a founder'd Steed,
 Whose Goodness like his own lay hid;
 Yet having been a *Whig* in Pow'r,
 A Trainband Major heretofore,
 He undertook, above the rest,
 Because he understood it best,
 To marshal all the scabby Train,
 That he himself might lead the Van;
 Wisely consid'ring, 'twas not fit
 The *Cobler* should precede the *Knight*,
 Or faucy *Broom-man* ride before
 The Tun-Gut *Vic'tler*, or the *Brew'r*.
 He therefore rang'd 'em to his Mind,
 The Best before, the Scrubs behind;
 And tho' it scarce prov'd worth his while,
 Reduc'd 'em into Rank and File.
 But hating Order like the Altar,
 The Zealots soon began to falter,
 And all i'th' Minute of an Hour
 Were Helter-Skelter as before;
(men,
Knights, Coblers, Brewing'Squires, and Broom-
 Without Distinction mix'd in common;
 Which

Which when our Major *Bounce* beheld,
 Who is in Arms profoundly skill'd,
 Tho' furnish'd with as much Assurance
 As any Shoplift in hard Durance,
 He was in short ashamed to lead 'em,
 Therefore chose rather to succeed 'em;
 So filing off into the Rear,
 He march'd as a Lieutenant there,
 The Mob, whose Tongues are always free,
 Crying aloud, *That's he, that's he,*
Who made brown Musquets, to his Fame,
And ne'er bor'd Touch-Holes in the same.
 So have I heard of a *Survey'r,*
 Who built a House, for want of Care,
 Three Stories high without a Stair. }

The rest were *Hatters, Dyers, Cobblers,*
 Mounted on Skeletonian Hobblers,
 Fellows not worth the crazy Tits
 That lamely carr'd 'em thro' the Streets;
 Just such as follow at the Heels
 Of *C-x* into St. George's Fields,

When

When t'other Side and their Instructors
 Cry, *No Horse-killers, no Mad Doctors.*

When this ill-favour'd Troop was past,
 Brought up by one who rode the last,
 And did like Mr. *FINIS* look,
 At th' End of an old tatter'd Book;
 Next these ill-mounted Scare-crow Warriors,
 That mov'd like *Northern* Pack-horse Carriers,
 Advanc'd the *Southwark* Grenadiers,
 With Rats-Tails tuck'd behind their Ears;
 In tall, tremendous Caps, to fright
 The Boys from Laughing at the Sight;
 All cloath'd in Buff, as we suppose,
 To look more frightful to their Foes,
 With Guns upon their Shoulders, ready
 To guard their *Idol*, and his *Lady*;
 In this good Order and *Decorum*,
 Coaches behind, and Horse before 'em,
 Eight Files of *Faction*, who had stript
 Their Rags off, to be thus equipp'd,

Tom-turd-men, Broom-men, Hostlers, Porters,
 Just started from their drunken Quarters,
 Advanc'd to carry on the Jest
 In Marshal Pomp, among the rest;
 Led by an *Adamite* of Note,
 Who oft in *Meeting* strains his Throat,
 And tho' sometimes he wears a Sword,
 Can say *Amen*, or spread a T---d;
 A *Whig* that does not only trade
 In *Psalms*, but occupies the Spade,
 And serves, for Profit and for Praise,
 The *Godly*, in these *pious* Days,
 With Herbs, as well as *Ekes* and *Ays*.

Nor did he think his Buff-Appearance,
 With all his *Good-Old-Cause* Adherents,
 Enough to honour him and her,
 Whose Presence made this mighty Stir;
 But he must also bring his young
 Apprentice, bred to Spade and Dung,
 To make a florid Speech in Meter,
 Compos'd by a *Fanatick Teacher*,

In Praise of *Quixote* and his Dame,
 Who stopp'd their Coach, and heard the same;
 Giving five Shillings, as a Token,
 To him, by whom the Words were spoken;
 But had they giv'n as much agen,
 And made the little Sum up Ten,
 They'd prov'd as generous a Pair,
 As the two Kings of *Brentford* were,
 When they bestow'd an equal Prize
 Upon the Army in Disguise;
 And then the Spokesman might have made
 The Answer in the Play, and said,
Thanks to you both, we have not seen
So large a Sum the Lord knows when.

Tho' but one Leader to their Troop,
 They'd two *Lieutenants* at their Poop;
 The one an *Anabaptist* Vic't'ler,
 T'other an *Independent* Stickler,
 By Trade a *Tanner*, and a great
 Reformer of the Church and State;

The first, before he ventur'd out,
Took Care to line his Skin with Stout,
That he might prove the more Pot-Valiant,
In case he met with some Assailant.

The other, as he march'd along,
Stunk of Raw-Hides so very strong,
That the Dogs smelt him in the Rear,
And bark'd like Mungrels at a Bear,
Expressing at his Arse such Anger,
As if they thought their Skins in danger,
The Curs all knowing well enough
His Trade, by smelling to his Buff,
And therefore at the Scent took Snuff.

Thus the proud Warriors march'd along,
Surrounded by a noisy Throng,
Huzza'd by all the *factious* Brothers,
But pelted, hiss'd, and scoff'd by others,
Till their Buff-Coats were stain'd with Badges
Of Kennel-Dirt, the only Wages

They

They met with from the Loyal Side,
 For hum'ring such insulting Pride;
 A poor Revenge to shew their *Spleen*
 And *Malice* to a Lifeless QUEEN,
 Who had deserv'd so much from those
 That triumph'd in Her Death, like *Foes*,
 And march'd in Pomp, with Beat of Drum,
 Attended by a *Kent-street* Scum,
 Crying aloud, *They come, They come.*

No sooner were these Tidings heard,
 But Coach and Six in State appear'd,
 Wherein, like *Demi-Gods* there sat
 The conqu'ring *Idol* and his *Mate*,
 Most humbly bowing to the Crowd,
 For fear the Mob should think 'em proud;
 Still courting, as they mov'd along,
 The gazing, loud-huzzaing Throng,
 Who swarm'd about the Coach for Money,
 Like *Wasps* about a Pot of Honey;
 Rending their Throats each time they hollow'd,
 To please the Ears of those they follow'd,

Who fate and smil'd on all without,
 Bowing full low at ev'ry Shout;
 Yet blush'd the while, to find so rude
 A Mob express such Gratitude
 For Actions past, when mighty Men
 Look on their Patrons with Disdain;
 And trample with insulting State
 Upon their Dust who made 'em Great.

Next these, in following Coaches came
 The Daughters of the Princely *Dame*,
 Those shining Stars, without a Brother,
 So like their Father and their Mother;
 Attended by those Noble Lords
 They'd bound in Matrimonial Cords;
 Their beauteous Ladies, so renown'd
 For all the Charms in Woman found,
 Knowing where-e'er they shew their Faces,
 The Crowd must wonder at their Graces,
 And gather round so fair a Sight
 By Day, as Moths (who sport by Night)
 Do round a Taper's flaming Light.

}
 Next

Next these, to their immortal Fame,
 Some *Low-Church City Elders* came
 In their own Coaches, to attend
 Their High and Mighty valiant Friend,
 And to declare their Approbation
 Of his Designs upon the Nation;
 Old stanch *Republican* Professors,
 Glass-Window sanctify'd Addressors,
 Who never bend to Church or Crown,
 But with intent to pull 'em down;
 Nor ever compliment or flatter
 Their Princes, but to play the *Traitor*.

Next these, who, like to Blazing-Stars,
 Portend domestick Feuds and Wars,
 Came *Managers* and *Bank-Directors*,
King-killers, *Monarchy-Electors*,
 And Votaries for *Lord-Proteectors*;
 That had old subtile *Satan* spread
 His Net o'er all the Cavalcade,
 He might at one surprizing Pull
 Have fill'd his low'r Dominion full

Of *Atheists, Rebels, Whigs, and Traytors,*
 Reforming *Knaves, and Regulators;*
 And eas'd at once this Land of more
 And greater *Plagues, than Egypt bore.*

In this great Order they proceeded,
 Much blam'd, altho' but little heeded;
 Moving from *Kent-street*, till they came
 To old *St. George's Church*, of Fame,
 Where neither Ensign was display'd
 To compliment the Cavalcade,
 Nor Bells permitted to proclaim
 New *Cromwell*, and his good old *Dame*;
 Which vex'd the *Brewing Knight* so sadly,
 That he behav'd himself but madly,
 And order'd the *Fanatick Rout*
 To break the Windows round about
 The sacred Dwelling of the LORD,
 To shew how highly he ador'd
 GOD's House, His Clergy, or His Word. }

From

(thorough
 From thence they mov'd like Clock-work
 That squabbling Town, call'd *Southwark* Bo-
 Where *Butchers Dogs* and *Hatters Boys* (rough,
 Huzza'd and bark'd to express their Joys,
 Whilst all the *Laniarian Fry*,
 That saw the Cavalcade pass by,
 Welcom'd their Bowing Friends with Peals
 They rung on Cleavers with their Steels;
 That those who knew not the Occasion
 Of such a noisy strange Procession,
 Expected they should find anon
 The same to be a *Skimington*;
 A Riding Neighbours make, in course,
 When the gray Mare's the better Horse,
 To terrify those scolding Witches
 That fight and wrangle for the Breeches.

At length they to the Bridge advanc'd,
 And o'er those cockling Pebbles pranc'd;
 But as the World, and all therein,
 Are full of Chances unforeseen,

That

That interrupt our wisest Measures,
 And ruffle all our smoothest Pleasures;
 So here an Accident fell out,
 That much alarm'd the moving Rout;
 For o'er the Arches of the Bridge
 To which both Stream and Tide lay Siege,
 There lives an *Esculapian* Brother,
 Who lov'd his Country's Royal MOTHER,
 And thought himself oblig'd to pay
 Due Honours to Her sacred Clay;
 This honest, well-designing Son
 Of Loyalty to Church and Throne,
 Unable to behold a Sight
 That favour'd of *Fanatick Spight*,
 A vile Procession purely made
 T' insult the best of QUEENS when dead,
 And trample o'er Her lifeless Mold
 Before Her Royal Corps was cold,
 Resolv'd to fling a Mouth-Grenade
 Among the *factious Cavalcade*,
 And to upbraid 'em for their rude
 Revenge upon a QUEEN so Good:

Accordingly his Post he took
 At his own Door, that he might look
 The pompous Leaders in the Face,
 And thus his Loyal Mind exprefs:

“ Shame on you all, ye factious Scrubs,
 “ Ye Sons of *Pan-tiles* and of *Tubs*,
 “ Poison’d by Dunces up and down (Crown,
 “ In Holes, who prate ’gainst Church and
 “ And teach you to insult the best
 “ Of PRINCES, now Her Soul’s at Rest;
 “ Is this a Time, when Thousands mourn,
 “ For you to make their Grief your *Scorn*,
 “ And bring your banish’d *Idols* in,
 “ Like *Burton*, *Bastwick*, and old *Pryn*?
 “ Hang down for Shame your prick’d-up Ears,
 “ Turn your indecent Joy to Tears,
 “ And leave th’ ungrateful Pair to shew
 “ Their *Malice*, where their *Grief* is due.

This vex’d the *Brewing Knight*, who led
 the Helter-Skelter Cavalcade,

F

And

And caus'd him to attempt a Knock
 On *Galen's* Medicinal Block,
 Who fearing the Assault, thought fit
 To make a politick Retreat,
 In which he wisely chanc'd to grovel
 Behind the Door, for Paring-Shovel,
 With which he met, and laying hold
 O'th' useful Weapon, grew so bold,
 As to advance against the Knight,
 And dare him to renew the Fight;
 But Courage failing, when he found
 His Foe resolv'd to keep his Ground,
 He spurr'd his Horse, and slipp'd away,
 To save himself from bloody Fray,
 And looking upwards, where there hung
St. George's Foe with bearded Tongue,
 Altho' a Knight whom Knaves do brag on,
 Would combat neither *Man* nor *Dragon*;
 But letting fly, upon his Saddle,
 A Cracker as he fate a Straddle,
 Rode safely off before his Troop,
 With *Brewer's* Fizzle at his Poop:

*So the poor Hern, when Hawk is near,
Soars high, and squitters down for fear,*

However, tho' the Knight withdrew,
He gave his factious Mob the *Loo*,
Who like *Fanatick* Desperadoes,
Attack'd the Foe with Dirt-Grenadoes,
Which did not only dawb and wound him,
But brought down Shelves of Slops around him;
That what with Dabs the Rabble flung,
Which in his Peruke clotted hung,
'Twixt Syrups, Dirt, and *Aqua-Vita*,
Poor *Galen* look'd enough to fright ye.
But as ill Usage makes the Brave
The more despise the threat'ning Grave,
So angry *Galen*, when he found
His broken Galli-Pots lie round,
Bleeding their Syrups on the Floor,
As fresh, and red, as humane Gore,
Renew'd his Courage with a Jerk,
And sally'd out as fierce as *Türk*,

Mowing down all that stood before
 His Castle-Windows, or his Door,
 Forcing th' Assailants to retire,
 Well beaten to their Hearts desire,
 Upbraiding ev'ry Coach that came,
 With basely trampling, to their Shame,
 On th' Ashes of the Royal DAME;
 Which made the Party-Tools within
 Look out, who finding *Galen's* Sign
 A *Dragon Green*, that monstrous Beast,
 Believ'd him a *St. George* at least,
 So left him to prepare his Plasters;
 For broken Heads, and such Disasters,
 H'ad well distributed among
 The factious Mob, who'd done him Wrong.

From thence they mov'd through *Grace-*
 Where fullen Bull-Dog chanc'd to meet
 The Horsemen, as they march'd along,
 And *Dubnose* wond'ring at the Throng,
 Surpriz'd by Shouting and by Drumming,
 Believ'd the Bulls and Bears were coming;

Accordingly began to lick
 His Lips, and growing cholerick,
 Mistook, as if the filly Dog
 Had been begot in Land of *Bog*,
 And in his Heat and Fury made
 A *Bull* of a *Fanatick's* *Fade*,
 Proving in his Attack so fierce,
 That he had pull'd down Man and Horse,
 Had not the Mob, by Pots made valiant,
 Stepp'd in, and kill'd the poor Assailant.

From thence thro' *London* Streets they mov'd,
 Hifs'd, pelted, scoff'd, and much reprov'd,
 Huzza'd by none but *Butchers* Boys,
 And Rabble that delight in Noise,
 Who only gather into Routs,
 To please themselves with merry Bouts,
 Not those that glory in their Shouts.

Thus on they march'd, much Joy exprest,
 Till past *St. Dunstan's* in the West,

Where

Where Providence, as some conclude,
 Broke down the Wheels of *Gratitude*,
 And let the *Idol* drop, to shew
 The highest Pride may tumble low.
 Some shook their Heads at the Misfortune,
 And cry'd 'twas Ominous for certain,
 From thence most wisely did conjecture
 This Year he would not be P——r:
 As he that backwards flings his Chair,
 Desponds that Year of being May'r. L
 Some recollected, pious *Noll*
 Had once upon a Time a Fall
 From out his Coach-Box, which portended
 His Reign soon after should be ended,
 As he and many more believ'd;
 Nor were they in their Guess deceiv'd:
 For from that Hour, as some report,
 He took the Accident to Heart,
 Reflected on the Ground that catch'd him,
 And dwindl'd till the Devil fetch'd him.
 Pray God the like may not attend
 This Nation's disappointed Friend !

Here fally'd from St. *Dunstan's* Queft
 A Captain, to improve the Jeft,
 With all his Forces at his Arfe,
 To fee this fine *Republick* Farce,
 And humbly to falute their High
 And Mightineffes paſſing by;
 Commanding him that carr'd the Flag
 To wave full low his yellow Rag,
 As ſoon as e'er their Graces Coach
 In Pomp ſhould make their near Approach;
 But the Spokes failing, he forſook
 His Poſt, to help both Coach and D — ;
 And tugg'd and lugg'd, to ſhew his Zeal,
 Like *Carman*, at the broken Wheel.
 This famous Captain *Jack-a-dandy*,
 Serves old St. *Drury-Lane* with *Brandy*,
 And all the *Bawds* and *Whores* therein,
 With that dear Cordial Comfort *Gin*,
 A Dram of which, ſo much in Faſhion,
 He keeps in's Pocket on Occaſion,
 Which h'ad have offer'd to her G — ,
 But ſaw ſuch Flushing in her Face,
That

That he from thence conjectur'd, She
Must be prepar'd, as well as he.

After a little Hurly-Burly,
Some laughing, others looking furly,
The lame Old Pair, by Help of Crutch,
Remov'd into a following Coach,
And angry that their Wheels should rend,
Proceeded to their Journey's End;
Leaving all Parties to deride
Their spightful and indecent Pride.

M O R A L.

(rule,
THUS, when Revenge does Reason's Sceptre
It turns the wisest Statesman to a Fool,
Eclipses Fame, precipitates the Brave
Into rash Errors, scorn'd by ev'ry Slave.
Then let's with Reason punish, or forgive,
And ne'er forget the Bounties we receive;
For when the Great no Gratitude can boast,
Their other Vertues are entirely lost.

F I N I S.